STING
57TH & 9TH

I Can't Stop Thinking About You
50,000
Down, Down, Down
One Fine Day
Pretty Young Soldier
Petrol Head
Heading South On The Great North Road
If You Can't Love Me
Inshallah
The Empty Chair

PRODUCED BY MARTIN KIERSZENBAUM

57TH & 9TH

I've no idea how many times I've stood at this intersection over the years, waiting for the walking signal to turn white before crossing the busy thoroughfare that is 57th Street, the old northern border of what used to be known as Hell's Kitchen. Developers here are currently favouring the name "Clinton" over the more colourful appellation of the past in an attempt to gentrify what was once a notorious and dangerous neighbourhood. City zoning laws limiting buildings to six stories have maintained the architectural feel of an older century but there is longer any threat of danger, the peaceful tree-lined streets creating a quieter enclave within this noisy and dramatically vertical city. I like walking. I especially like walking to work.

The recording studios that are still left in New York City are situated here in this area; walking twelve blocks or so to work in whatever the weather sharpens the mind.

I do most of my thinking while walking; I always have - helping my father every morning as a child on his milk round in Newcastle, where long before the sun came up over the roofs of the town we would have the freedom of its empty streets. We didn't say much of anything to each other, but the long awkward silences at least allowed me to dream, so I dreamt a life different from my own. I wanted more than anything to escape, although the map of my internal landscapes still had their parallels in the patterns and characters of the streets where I delivered milk. One street where my music teacher lived always invoked fantasies about music, another house on another street where a girl I knew would still be fast asleep in her bed always set me off on some romantic reverie, and a tenement near my school where a rival gang lived provoked pipe dreams of adventure and risk. Delivering milk to the shipyard under the giant skeletal hulls of ships had me travelling the wide world, never to return.

So walking and the conjuring of stories were intrinsically bound together for me. I learned to navigate the world singing songs, songs composed within the binary rhythms of walking and dreaming. The red stop light has turned white at the corner of 57th & 9th as I head south back to my work in what is still for me Hell's Kitchen...eager to stir the pot one more time.

–Sting

I CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT YOU

White page, an empty field of snow,
My room is 25 below,
This cold pen chasing ghosts,
A road lies underneath the buried posts.
Dogs search the under forest,
We scour the empty streets,
The fact remains until we find you,
Our lives are incomplete.

Do I hear laughter through a veil of snow and ice?
Where could you be on such a lonely Winter's night?

I can't stop thinking about you,
I can't stop wanting you this way.
I can't face living without you,
That's why I'm searching night and day.
This heart's a lonely hunter,
These hands are frozen fists.
I can't stop thinking about you,
I don't care if you exist.

Do I hear laughter from behind this veil of midnight?
What are you hiding in the frozen heart of Winter?
Somewhere a church bell tolls,
I know you're close, your scent's still warm,
and then the trail turns cold, cold, cold.

I can't stop thinking about you,
I can't stop wanting you this way.
I can't face living without you,
That's why I'm searching night and day.
This heart's a lonely hunter,
These hands are frozen fists.
I can't stop thinking about you,
I don't care if you exist.

Do I hear laughter in the silence of the snow?
I know you're hiding in this frozen heart of Winter.
A midnight church bell tolls,
I know you're close, your scent's still warm,
and then the trail turns cold, cold, cold.

I can't stop thinking about you,
I can't stop wanting you this way.
I can't face living without you,
That's why I'm searching night and day.
This heart's a lonely hunter,
These hands are frozen fists.
I can't stop thinking about you,
I don't care if you exist.
I can't stop thinking about you,
I can't stop wanting you this way.
I can't face living without you,
I can't stop wanting you...

50,000

Another obituary in the paper today,
One more for the list of those who've already fallen.
Another one of our comrades is taken down,
Like so many others of our calling.

We tweet our anecdotes, our commentary,
Or we sing his songs in some sad tribute,
While the tabloids are holding a story of kiss and tell,
That he's no longer able to deny or refute.

50,000 voices rising every time he'd sing,
And every word he ever wrote reflecting back to him.

How well I remember the stadiums we played,
And the lights sweeping across a sea of 50,000 souls we'd face.
A serious drug that you could never kick,
Or one that you couldn't imagine you'd ever replace.

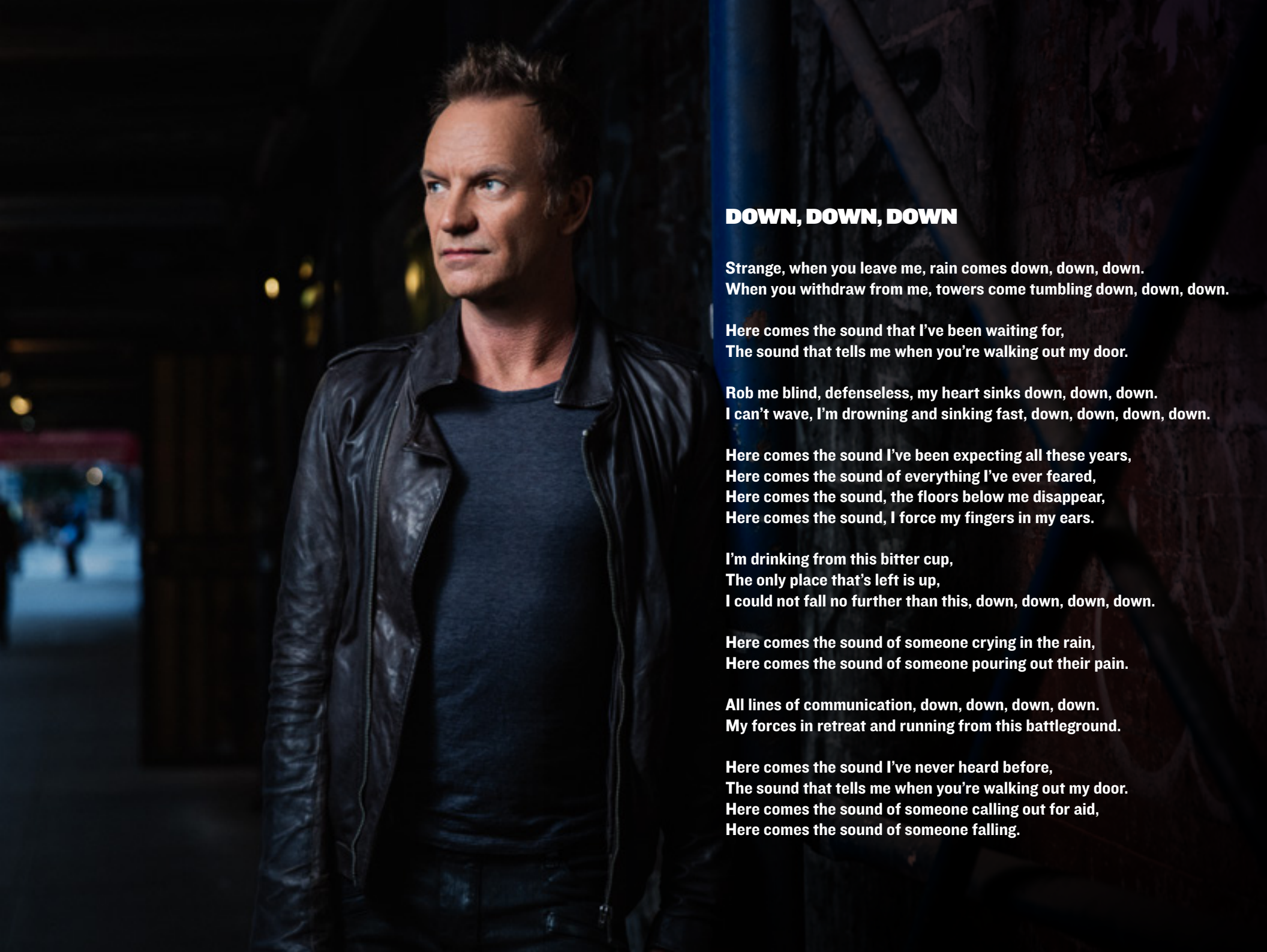
We flew like kites on the wings of amphetamine,
Secured only to a bass line and a snare drum beat.
But really what did any of it mean?
When there's a higher philosophy in reflection and defeat.

50,000 voices rising every time he'd sing,
And every word he ever wrote reflecting back to him.
Still believing that old lie, the one that your own face betrays,
Rock Stars don't ever die, they only fade away.

Reflecting now on my own past,
Inside this prison I've made of myself.
I'm feeling a little better today,
Although the bathroom mirror is telling me something else.

These lines of stress, one bloodshot eye,
The unhealthy pallor of a troubled ghost.
Where did I put my spectacle case?
I'm half blind and as deaf as any post.

50,000 hands are raised to a man that's just like you and me.
We create the gods we can and gift them immortality.
Still believing that old lie, the one that your own face betrays,
Rock Stars don't ever die, they only fade away.



DOWN, DOWN, DOWN

Strange, when you leave me, rain comes down, down, down.
When you withdraw from me, towers come tumbling down, down, down.

Here comes the sound that I've been waiting for,
The sound that tells me when you're walking out my door.

Rob me blind, defenseless, my heart sinks down, down, down.
I can't wave, I'm drowning and sinking fast, down, down, down, down.

Here comes the sound I've been expecting all these years,
Here comes the sound of everything I've ever feared,
Here comes the sound, the floors below me disappear,
Here comes the sound, I force my fingers in my ears.

I'm drinking from this bitter cup,
The only place that's left is up,
I could not fall no further than this, down, down, down, down.

Here comes the sound of someone crying in the rain,
Here comes the sound of someone pouring out their pain.

All lines of communication, down, down, down, down.
My forces in retreat and running from this battleground.

Here comes the sound I've never heard before,
The sound that tells me when you're walking out my door.
Here comes the sound of someone calling out for aid,
Here comes the sound of someone falling.

ONE FINE DAY

Optimists say,
The future's just a place we've never been.
Histories say,
We're doomed to make the same mistakes again.

Between the two I can't decide,
Really I must choose a side.
I guess I'll wake up smarter,
One fine day.

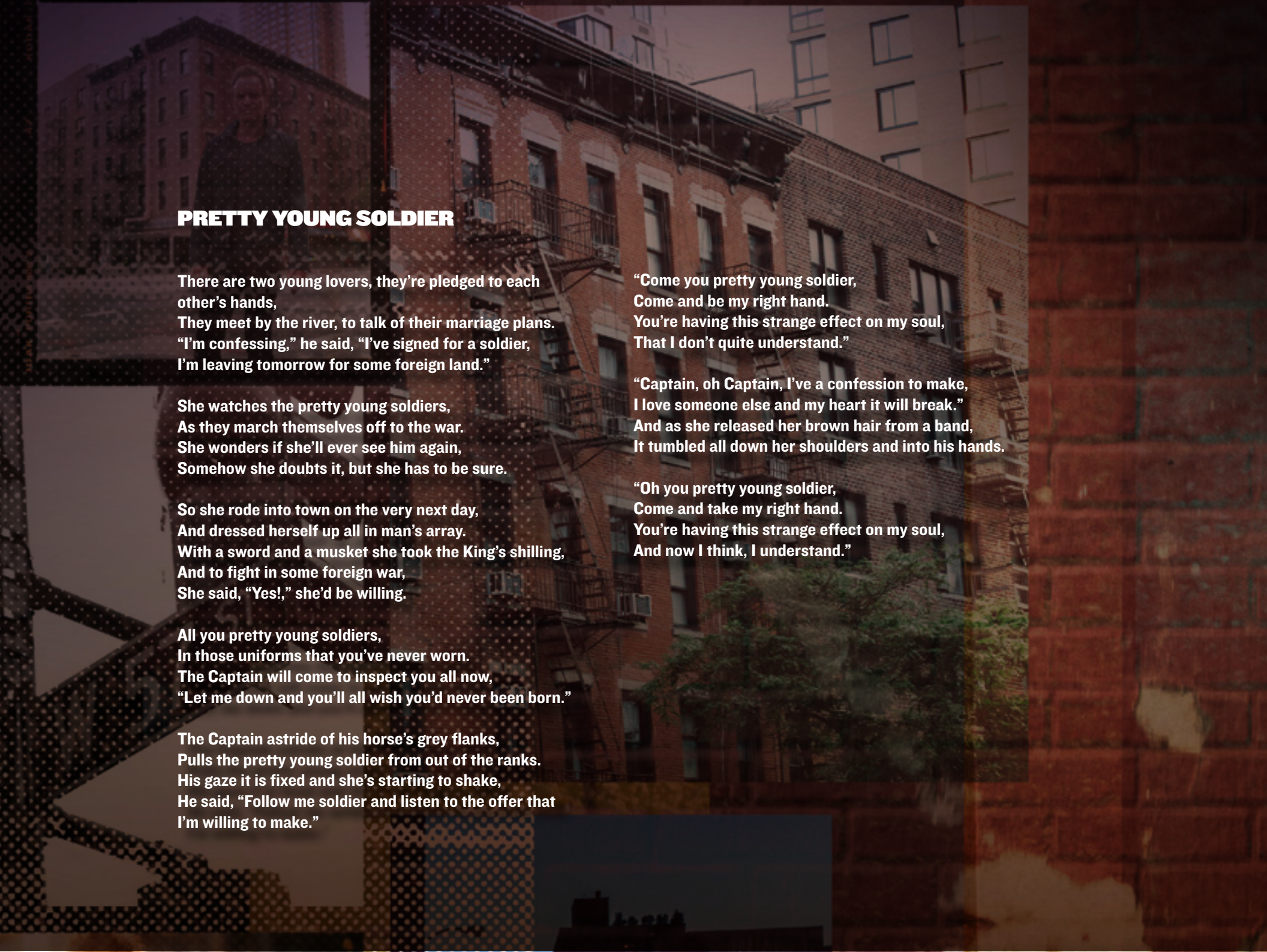
Apologists say,
The weather's just a cycle we can't change.
Scientists say,
We've pushed those cycles way beyond.

Dear leaders, please do something quick,
Time is up, the planet's sick.
But hey, we'll all be grateful,
One fine day?

Today the North West Passage just got found,
Three penguins and a bear got drowned,
The ice they lived on disappeared,
Seems things are worse than some had feared.

...It's progress of a kind,
Who knows what else we're going to find?
So do you trust your head or heart,
When things all seem to fall apart?
I guess we'll wake up smarter,
One fine day.

Today it's raining dogs and cats,
Rabbits jumping out of hats,
And now what's got us all agog,
Tomorrow it's a plague of frogs.
We must do something quick or die,
When snakes can talk and pigs will fly,
And we'll all be so much wiser,
One fine day...



PRETTY YOUNG SOLDIER

There are two young lovers, they're pledged to each other's hands,
They meet by the river, to talk of their marriage plans.
"I'm confessing," he said, "I've signed for a soldier,
I'm leaving tomorrow for some foreign land."

She watches the pretty young soldiers,
As they march themselves off to the war.
She wonders if she'll ever see him again,
Somehow she doubts it, but she has to be sure.

So she rode into town on the very next day,
And dressed herself up all in man's array.
With a sword and a musket she took the King's shilling,
And to fight in some foreign war,
She said, "Yes!," she'd be willing.

All you pretty young soldiers,
In those uniforms that you've never worn.
The Captain will come to inspect you all now,
"Let me down and you'll all wish you'd never been born."

The Captain astride of his horse's grey flanks,
Pulls the pretty young soldier from out of the ranks.
His gaze it is fixed and she's starting to shake,
He said, "Follow me soldier and listen to the offer that I'm willing to make."

"Come you pretty young soldier,
Come and be my right hand.
You're having this strange effect on my soul,
That I don't quite understand."

"Captain, oh Captain, I've a confession to make,
I love someone else and my heart it will break."
And as she released her brown hair from a band,
It tumbled all down her shoulders and into his hands.

"Oh you pretty young soldier,
Come and take my right hand.
You're having this strange effect on my soul,
And now I think, I understand."

PETROL HEAD

Lay down, and rest your head,
Stretch your body across my bed,
Just close your eyes, I'll take you there.
That open highway's waiting where,
You'll know me just like I know you,
Where every gospel word is true.
I'll drive this car, I'll be your guide,
Just fasten your seat belt, let's go for a ride.

I'll take you someplace that you've never been before,
A place you might have only dreamt about what's more.

Just one road in and just one road out,
I know this country inside out.
I speak in tongues, in tongues of fire.
With sixteen wheels for my desire.

300 horse in my V8,
Close to one hundred MPH,
And all the meters up in the red,
Now don't you worry your pretty little petrol head.

I'll take you someplace that you've never been before,
A place you might have only dreamt about what's more.
Like Moses driving to his promised land,
Left turn at the burning bush, a stick shift in my hand.

Bring me my Bow of burning gold;
Bring me my Arrows of desire:
Bring me my Spear: O clouds unfold!
Bring me my Chariot of fire!

I fought my way from Hell to this,
And drove my truck through a hail of fists,
But I ain't never killed no innocent man,
Kept the engine running so I just ran.
But I've been wounded, I been shot,
And this is all the thanks I got,
A busted arm and a busted lip
Let's climb aboard the mothership.

I'll take you someplace that you've never been before,
A place you might have only dreamt about what's more.
Like Moses driving to his promised land,
Left turn at the burning bush, a stick shift, two stone tablets,
God's commandments in my hands.

300 horse in my V8,
Close to one hundred MPH,
And all the meters up in the red,
Now don't you worry your pretty little petrol head...

HEADING SOUTH ON THE GREAT NORTH ROAD

Many have gone before us now,
Many have tried and failed somehow,
Many a soul on the Queen's highway,
Where many a tail light glowed,
With the promise of a better life,
Heading South on the Great North Road,
South on the Great North Road.

Only the dark we left behind,
Will chase us as the road unwinds,
But out of sight is out of mind,
With many a debt still owed,
And the promise of a different life...
Heading South on the Great North Road,
South on the Great North Road.

Many a dog went wandering,
To sup on fortune's dregs,
And many a dog came straggling home,
His tail between his sorry legs.

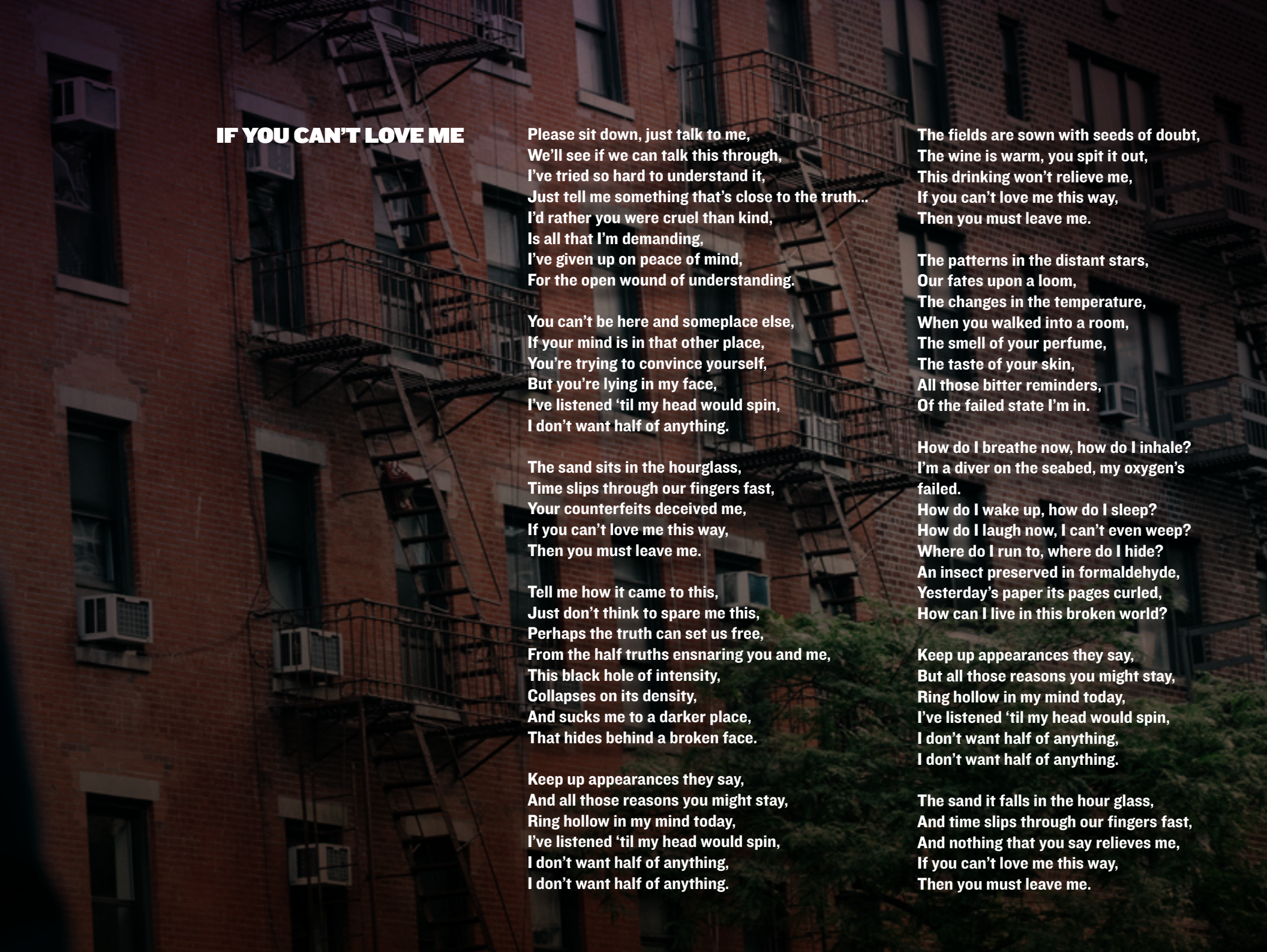
Many a caged bird spread his wings,
Many a vain bird crowed,
And many a songbird lost her way,
Heading South on the Great North Road,
South on the Great North Road.

Many a band of brothers rode,
In many a painted wagon,
Many an unsecured load,
Whenever a climbing truck was slowed,
There was many a traveler's curse bestowed,
Heading South on the Great North Road,
South on the Great North Road.

Many a transport greasy spoon,
Many a wasted afternoon,
Where many a maiden gave her heart,
And many a gift bestowed,
But a gift is a yoke to a traveling man,
Heading South on the Great North Road,
South on the Great North Road.

If we get back home, we'll tell our tales
To all of those who'll listen,
The might have beens, the chances lost,
The monies that went missing...

All the memories we'll unload,
The wild oats that we'll claim we'd sowed,
The stages where we proudly strode,
As if our cups had overflowed,
With the promise of a different life...
Heading South on the Great North Road,
South on the Great North Road.



IF YOU CAN'T LOVE ME

Please sit down, just talk to me,
We'll see if we can talk this through,
I've tried so hard to understand it,
Just tell me something that's close to the truth...
I'd rather you were cruel than kind,
Is all that I'm demanding,
I've given up on peace of mind,
For the open wound of understanding.

You can't be here and someplace else,
If your mind is in that other place,
You're trying to convince yourself,
But you're lying in my face,
I've listened 'til my head would spin,
I don't want half of anything.

The sand sits in the hourglass,
Time slips through our fingers fast,
Your counterfeits deceived me,
If you can't love me this way,
Then you must leave me.

Tell me how it came to this,
Just don't think to spare me this,
Perhaps the truth can set us free,
From the half truths ensnaring you and me,
This black hole of intensity,
Collapses on its density,
And sucks me to a darker place,
That hides behind a broken face.

Keep up appearances they say,
And all those reasons you might stay,
Ring hollow in my mind today,
I've listened 'til my head would spin,
I don't want half of anything,
I don't want half of anything.

The fields are sown with seeds of doubt,
The wine is warm, you spit it out,
This drinking won't relieve me,
If you can't love me this way,
Then you must leave me.

The patterns in the distant stars,
Our fates upon a loom,
The changes in the temperature,
When you walked into a room,
The smell of your perfume,
The taste of your skin,
All those bitter reminders,
Of the failed state I'm in.

How do I breathe now, how do I inhale?
I'm a diver on the seabed, my oxygen's failed.
How do I wake up, how do I sleep?
How do I laugh now, I can't even weep?
Where do I run to, where do I hide?
An insect preserved in formaldehyde,
Yesterday's paper its pages curled,
How can I live in this broken world?

Keep up appearances they say,
But all those reasons you might stay,
Ring hollow in my mind today,
I've listened 'til my head would spin,
I don't want half of anything,
I don't want half of anything.

The sand it falls in the hour glass,
And time slips through our fingers fast,
And nothing that you say relieves me,
If you can't love me this way,
Then you must leave me.

INSHALLAH

Sleeping child, on my shoulder,
Those around us, curse the sea.
Anxious mother turning fearful,
Who can blame her, blaming me?

Inshallah, Inshallah,
If it be your will, it shall come to pass.
Inshallah, Inshallah,
If it be your will...

As the wind blows, growing colder,
Against the sad boats, as we flee,
Anxious eyes, search in darkness,
With the rising of the sea.

Inshallah, Inshallah,
If it be your will, it shall come to pass.
Inshallah, Inshallah,
If it be your will...

Sea of worries, sea of fears,
In our country, only tears.
In our future there's no past,
If it be your will, it shall come to pass.

Inshallah, Inshallah,
If it be your will, it shall come to pass.
Inshallah, Inshallah,
If it be your will...

THE EMPTY CHAIR

If I should close my eyes, that my soul can see,
And there's a place at the table that you saved for me.
So many thousand miles over land and sea,
I hope to dare, that you hear my prayer,
And somehow I'll be there.

It's but a concrete floor where my head will lay,
And though the walls of this prison are as cold as clay.
But there's a shaft of light where I count my days,
So don't despair of the empty chair,
And somehow I'll be there.

Some days I'm strong, some days I'm weak,
And days I'm so broken I can barely speak,
There's a place in my head where my thoughts still roam,
Where somehow I've come home.

And when the Winter comes and the trees lie bare,
And you just stare out the window in the darkness there.
Well I was always late for every meal you'll swear,
But keep my place and the empty chair,
And somehow I'll be there,
And somehow I'll be there.

PRODUCED BY Martin Kierszenbaum

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(except where otherwise noted)

MIXED BY Robert Orton

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Dominic Miller appears courtesy of ECM Records and uses D'Addario strings.

Vinnie Colaiuta plays Gretsch drums and Paiste cymbals.

Rhani Krija proudly endorses LP, Zildjian, Remo, Schlagwerk, Pearl, VicFirth, Sennheiser, Roland, and Ultrasone.

The Last Bandoleros appear courtesy of Warner Brothers Records/Warner Music Nashville and play Gibson guitars.

For fan club, tickets and the latest Sting information, visit **WWW.STING.COM.**

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I CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT YOU
Sting – Vocals, Bass
Dominic Miller – Guitar
Vinnie Colaiuta – Drums
Rhani Krija – Percussion
Martin Kierszenbaum – Organ
The Last Bandoleros
(Jerry Fuentes, Diego Navaira, Derek James) – Backing Vocals

50,000
Sting – Vocals, Bass
Dominic Miller – Guitar
Lyle Workman – Guitar
Josh Freese – Drums
Jerry Fuentes – Backing Vocals
Martin Kierszenbaum – Organ
Recorded by Tony Lake, Cliff Norrell, and Donal Hodgson

DOWN, DOWN, DOWN
Sting – Vocals, Bass
Dominic Miller – Guitar, 12-string
Vinnie Colaiuta – Drums
Rhani Krija – Percussion
Martin Kierszenbaum – Organ

ONE FINE DAY
Sting – Vocals, Bass, Piano
Dominic Miller – Guitar
Lyle Workman – Guitar
Josh Freese – Drums
Martin Kierszenbaum – Organ, Piano
Recorded by Tony Lake, Cliff Norrell, and Donal Hodgson

PRETTY YOUNG SOLDIER
Sting – Vocals, Bass
Dominic Miller – Guitar
Lyle Workman – Guitar
Josh Freese – Drums
Martin Kierszenbaum – Organ, Mellotron
Recorded by Tony Lake, Cliff Norrell, and Donal Hodgson

PETROL HEAD
Sting – Vocals, Bass
Dominic Miller – Guitar
Lyle Workman – Guitar
Josh Freese – Drums
Recorded by Tony Lake, Cliff Norrell, and Donal Hodgson

HEADING SOUTH ON THE GREAT NORTH ROAD
Sting – Vocals, Guitar
Dominic Miller – Guitar
Recorded by Tony Lake

IF YOU CAN'T LOVE ME
Sting – Vocals, Bass
Dominic Miller – Guitar
Vinnie Colaiuta – Drums
Rhani Krija – Percussion
Martin Kierszenbaum – Organ
Rob Mathes – Piano

INSHALLAH
Sting – Vocals, Bass, Guitar, Percussion
Dominic Miller – Guitar, Shaker
Vinnie Colaiuta – Drums
Rhani Krija – Percussion
Martin Kierszenbaum – Keyboards

THE EMPTY CHAIR
Sting – Vocals, Guitar
Jerry Fuentes – Guitar
Recorded by Tony Lake

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RESTAURANT